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A U D E N A R D E,

A
P O E M,

Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable the
EARL of Bridgwater.

*Multaque per cæcam congressi prælia noctem,
Conserimus, multos Danaum dimittimus Orco.*

Virgil, *Æneid* 2.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Henry Clements* at the *Half Moon* in
St. Paul's Church-Yard. 1708.

A U D E N A R D E,

P O E M.

L Eave for a while, MY LORD, th' Affairs of State,
 And all the Business that attends the Great:
 You that profusely for your Country's Cause,
 Your Liberty, your Life, your All wou'd lose,
 Let soft Diversion on your Thoughts intrude,
 And mingle Pleasure with the Publick Good;
 Accept the Tribute of the Muse's Lays,
 Accept her Songs of Gratitude and Praise:
 Hear her of Battles, and of Wars relate,
 And all the strange Vicissitudes of Fate;
 Behold the Horrors of the conquer'd *Seyn*,
 And view the Triumphs of *Britannia's* QUEEN:
 Read of the *Netherlands* to *CHARLES* restor'd,
 And all the Prodigies of *CHURCHILL's* Sword;
 How fearless and how brave our Armies fought,
 And of the great Effects his Conduct wrought.

Fortune had all along propitious been,
 And always constant, smiling, and serene :
 Each wise Confederate presag'd a Peace,
 And each Ally was startled at Success:
 All look'd on *France* as destitute and lost,
 And like the Vessel by the Billows tost,
 Lab'ring for Life, and bulging on the Coast ;
Britain her grateful Sentiments express'd,
 And Conquest on the Heels of Conquest press'd.

Deceitful Hopes, irrational, unsure !
 By *Jove* design'd to tantalize us more.
 Forbear, my Muse, our Losses to repeat,
 Or tell how *Gaul* recover'd her Defeat :
 Forget the Slaughter of *Almanza's* Plain,
 And *Berwick's* Fortune in the Fields of *Spain* ;
 Forbear the wild Engagements to relate
 Of *Fourbin's* Squadron, and *Britannia's* Fleet.

Scar'd and affrighted all *Europa* stood,
 And view'd the Torrent of the threat'ning Flood ;
 Each Monarch trembled at *Bavaria's* Fate,
 The *Austrian* totter'd on his Throne of State :
 None durst pretend such Fury to oppose,
 None able to withstand such matchless Foes.

MALBRO at length undauntedly arose,
 And boldly undertook the lifeless Cause:
 None better laid the Stratagems of Fate,
 Or form'd the Projects that could raise a State;
 Never was Prince so fitted to prepare,
 Or execute the Schemes of artful War.

Too much already the experienc'd *Gaul*
 Had felt the Rage of his unconquer'd Soul;
 Twice had *Bavaria* his Battalions led,
 And twice his Legions in Confusion fled:
 Nor *Bleinheim*, nor could *Ramilly* alone,
 Retrench the vast Enlargements of his Crown,
 But *AUDENARDE*'s designs his Fall compleat,
 And *all united*, finish his Defeat.
 So when the *Titans* for Dominion strove,
 And wag'd a War with Heaven, and with *Jove*,
Pelion and *Ossa* singly were too small
 To reach the Turrets of th' Ætherial Wall;
 But this, upon the other's Back, secures
 An easie Passage to th' Heav'nly Tow'rs.

What Theme, what Subject, *Homer*, wou'd'st thou
 More fit to entertain thy Godlike Muse,
 Than *CHURCHILL*'s Conduct, Bravery, and Care,
 And all the Princes that adorn the War?

B Had'st

Had'st thou but seen how Fixt *EUGENIO* stood,
 And boldly in the Paths of Honour trod;
 Like *Pompey* Vigilant, like *Cæsar* Great,
 Lavish of Fame, and Careless of his Fate :
 How *HANNOVER* and *Hesse* triumphant rode
 O'er mangled Carcasses, and Seas of Blood ;
 With what unweary'd Pains old *Auver* bore
 The tedious Marches of a toilsome War ;
 How bravely *Sabine* their Battalions took,
 And how the dastard *Gauls* their Arms forsook :
 The Great *Achilles* then had dy'd unknown,
 And *Priam's* Walls in silence been o'erthrown ;
 The very Name of *Troy* had been forgot,
 And thy fam'd *Iliads* had been *ANNAs* Lot.

Did ever Camp so beautiful appear,
 Or, were the Gods themselves translated here ?
 Sweetness and Majesty at once combine,
 And *Mars* and *Venus* in each Squadron join :
 So unconcern'd their Air, so soft their Charms,
 Each Look'd design'd for his *Dorinda's* Arms :
 But Heav'n's !-----
 What generous Disdain possesst each Soul ?
 What wondrous Vigour animated all ?
 Soon as the Trumpets call'd 'em to the War,
 And mingled Drums with Acclamations jar,
 What Martial Ardour did each Breast inspire ?
 What thirst of Glory, and what Godlike Fire ?

No Annals, nor no Times such Deeds declare,
 Nor *Rome*, nor *Carthage*, can with *These* compare :
Cyrus and *Ammon* now no more shall boast,
 But all their *Chronicles*, in *Ours*, be lost.

Have you not seen old *Boreas* in his Pride
 Rage thro' the Woods, and on the Ocean ride,
 VVith Force impetuous thro' the Forrests roar,
 And watry Mountains break upon the Shore :
 In vain the Groves his sweeping Madness check,
 Their Arms disjointed, and in Splinters break ;
 In vain *Leviathan* sustains the Shock,
 Or Lab'ring Nature the convulsive Stroke.
 So when the *British* Chiefs their Squadrons led,
 Heroes and Cowards undistinguish'd fled ;
 And nothing cou'd their boist'rous Arms controul,
 The Common and the Great confus'dly fall ;
 Nor Plains, nor Hedges, cou'd oppose their Rage,
 Nor Blood, nor Slaughter, their Revenge assuage :
 Courage will all Impediments surmount,
 And *AUDENARDE* repay the *Late Affront*.

' These are the Men, this Nation wou'd I chuse,
 ' Says Great *EUGENIO*, to defend my Cause :
 ' With these, resistless o'er the World I'd fly,
 ' With these I'd conquer, and with these I'd dye.
 ' VVell might Old *Albion* ever be renown'd,
 ' And all her VVarriours with Applause be crown'd ;

' VVell

• VVell might her ancient Kings so famous grow,
 • And well may *Burgundy* be vanquish'd now.

Deluded Prince! Thy Stratagems to try,
 Or in the Martial Field with *MALBRO* vie;
 Cou'dst think, Unactive, and without Concern,
 He'd see thee silently from *Ghent* return?
 Cou'dst think such Projects wou'd thy Fame retrieve,
 Or his unweary'd Vigilance deceive?
 That Lakes on Streams cou'd his Designs defeat,
 The *Scheld* or *Dender* favour thy Retreat?
 Go, curse the Shame of this Decisive Day,
 And curse the Schemes that further'd thy Delay:
 Yet to be conquer'd only on Record,
 By *MALBRO*'s, and by *Brave EUGENIO*'s Sword,
 Abates thy Grief, and covers thy Disgrace;
 And crowns the Grandeur of the *Bourbon* Race.
 Had *Cesar*, *Pompey*, or had *Scipio* seen
 Our Forces drive thy Legions from the Plain,
 The Purple Rivers, and the Heaps of Slain;
 They'd think thy Glory, *Burgundy*, too Great,
 With Pride they'd fall, and boast in their Defeat.

See *Vendosme* smile at his auspicious Flight,
 And bless the friendly Darkness of the Night;
 His faint Battalions from their Holds retreat,
 Avoid the Danger, and their Rage forget:

While

While Conquest o'er the Plain destructive rode,
And Slaughter triumph'd in a Field of Blood.

Burbonio, conscious of his hopeless State,
Shivers and trembles at expiring Fate;
Now, like a Frantick, laughs at the Success,
And now laments inevitable Peace :

A thousand Passions, and a thousand Cares,
Divide his Hopes, and multiply his Fears :
A thousand Tumults struggle in his Soul,
And incoherent Thoughts his Sense controul.
But all his Models are devis'd in vain,
And ravel'd Schemes intoxicate his Brain.

So when the well-mouth'd Hound pursues the Deer,
Half-dead, and blown, and raging with Despair,
Panting, and gasping for his Life he strives,
And various Methods to escape, contrives ;
Now seeks the sheltring Covert of a Wood,
And Now the mazy Windings of a Flood :
But nothing can avert impending Fate,
His little Arts and Shifts are form'd too late,
And Groves and Rivers but a false Retreat.

Methought I saw the *Monarch* in debate,
And all the Council in Assembly sat,
Something Distracted, Doubtful, and Chagrin,
Frown'd in their Air, and labour'd in their Mien ;

Divided Faction reign'd in ev'ry Soul,
 And wild Opinion revel'd thro' the Whole:
 So when the ancient Chiefs at *Shinar* strove
 To build a Castle to the World above,
 A broken Idiom fault'ring on each Tongue,
 Blasted their Measures, and dispers'd the Throng.

These are the Laurels, *MALBRO*, that are due,
 And These the Blessings we receive from YOU:
 YOU, that the Politicks of *Gaul* defeat,
 Triumphant always, never to be beat:
 Always increasing like the infant Moon,
 And always adding to the *British* Throne.
 Go on, Great LEADER; Let the Monarch know
 What Justice threatens, and your Arms can do:
 Be still successful, and be still enroll'd
 The Guardian Angel of the Christian World.

Continue to employ the Soldiers Arms,
 And find a Subject for the Poet's Charms,
 That shall for Honour and for Glory fight;
 And this ambitiously his Actions write:
 Or *Garth* shall paint him in his matchless Strains,
 Or *Congreve* speak the Language of the Swains:
Parnassus daily shall advantage gain,
 And *Addison* compose his next Campaign.

But

But while the Warriours to the Camp resort,
 The Beauties of your HOUSE adorn the Court;
 While in the Martial Fields your Squadrons move,
 They stretch their Conquests in the Fields of Love.
 When once the Sweetness of *BRIDGWATER*'s Air,
 And all the Charms of *SUNDERLAND* appear,
 What Mortal can invulnerable prove?
 What rigid *Capuchin* forbear to love?

Thrice *Happy ALBION* in the Books of Fate!
 Blest with a *QUEEN* so Fortunate and Great!
 Thrice happy *MONARCH*! by your Isle ador'd,
 Both for your Heroes that adorn the Sword,
 And for your Statesmen at the Council-Board.
 All *Europe* own your Conduct, and your Care,
 And own your Schemes the Sinews of the War.

Think on the Triumphs of *ELIZA*'s Reign,
 And view the Conquests that attend on THINE:
 Think on the Deeds of *Cavendish* and *Drake*,
 And view the Fortunate Exploits of *Leak*:
 Think on a *Sidney* weltring in his Blood,
 And in the *Netherlands* how *Leic'ster* stood:
 Think on the Greatness of each Godlike Soul;
 Alone in *MALBRO* you enjoy 'em *ALL*.

In vain Ill-nature, Prejudice and Spite,
 Debase the Muses, or pretend to write;

In vain the Scriblers the Contagion spread,
 And strive to scandal only for their Bread;
 Supreme on Marble Thrones you'll safely sit,
 Above their Libels, and above their Wit:
 While Crouds of Blessings make your Life compleat,
 And be as endless, as your Soul is Great,
 In spite of Faction, and in spite of Fate.